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The Stetson Collegiate.

Vol. VII.

December, 1895.

No. 3.



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"VERITAS."

VOL. VI.

DELAND, FLORIDA, DECEMBER, 1895.

NO. 3.

Stetson Collegiate.

Issued monthly, by the students of John B. Stetson University.

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Since our last issue it has been decided by the powers that be, that it would be unadvisable to have any intercollegiate contests of any kind. So the much-talked-of debate with Lake City will not materialize.

We are sorry to learn that there will be no lecture course this winter. The courses afforded by the University for the last few years have been both interesting and instructive. They have brought us in contact with some of the best speakers in the country. These men have given us broader views of life and have stimulated us to greater efforts. Financially, a lecture course would be a failure and "there's the rub" this year.

The University is doing well in the way of gifts. Mr. Stetson led the way with his gift for the athletic grounds. Hon. E. S. Converse, of Malden, Mass., followed by a gift of surveying instruments listed at \$300. Now comes the news that Mr. Stetson's sons have authorized Dr. Forbes to purchase a fine stereopticon and complete set of views while he is abroad.

At last the COLLEGIATE has a home. A pleasant room in Elizabeth Hall has been set aside for our use. At present its furnishings are very meagre and its appearance uninviting. We need a rug, some pictures and chairs to fit it up as it should be. In general we pay our own way and ask no favors of any one, but in this case we feel like calling on our friends to assist us in getting the room in shape. Can't you supply us with some of the things we need?

Dr. Forbes' Letter.

The following letter from Dr. Forbes was received too late for publication in our last issue:

ASHBORNE, PA.

Nov., 21, 1895.

DEAR COLLEGIATE:

I expected to be writing you from London about this time, but, having delayed a little on this side for important reasons, I do not wish you to be disappointed in the promised letter. Fortunately, I have two matters of interest about which to write you. In the first place, I am delighted to announce that our young friends, John and Henry Stetson, have begun this early to walk in the footsteps of their generous father and have authorized me to purchase, while I am abroad, a first class stereopticon with all modern appliances and also a complete set of views covering all my trip, and that they will, on my return, present the same to the University. Knowing how much this splendid gift will

add to the efficiency of many departments of the University's work you will, I know, rejoice with me in the boys' generosity. They are certainly "chips of the old block," and you will give them, I am sure, in heart if not in reality, a rousing "three times three." Then I must tell you about the splendid dinner given last night, here at Mr. Stetson's palatial residence, to the entire staff of physicians and surgeons connected with the Union Mission Hospital, Pharmacy and Laboratory, founded and maintained by Mr. Stetson;—not that I want to write about the dinner itself so much, though that was an exceedingly brilliant affair, but because of the significance of the occasion in connection with the advancement of medical science in this country, and indeed throughout the world. Imagine if you can, a grand hall something like forty by sixty feet in dimensions, with lofty paneled ceiling and richly carved and paneled wainscoting, all of oak; the windows of stained glass, delicate and artistic in color and design; at one end a fireplace, massive and baronial-like in its huge but elegant design in light red sand stone, at the other end a grand pipe organ, said to be one of the finest instruments in Philadelphia; half way up to the ceiling a gallery running completely around the hall and this gallery literally banked with the loveliest chrysanthemums; on the floor below a table arranged in the form of a cross, extensive enough to seat with ample elbow-room, forty-seven men, lighted by numerous silver candelabra of rich design, set with china from the world

famous factories of Sevres, Royal Berlin, Royal Worcester, Haviland and Dresden. Glittering with brilliant cut glass and solid silver, and daintily dressed with the most exquisite doilies from the art schools and from the famous hand work of Mexico and last but not least decorated with five beautiful plateaus of Catherine Mermet roses, with petals and branches strewn between; this with the forty-seven men, all in full evening dress, comprising the leaders in nearly every department of medicine in this city—renowned for its medical schools—this will give you, if you can picture it in your imagination, a faint representation of the external of the “dinner.”

I need not speak of the viands further than to say that there were twelve courses, perfectly served and everything perfect of its kind. Notwithstanding these splendid externals and these surroundings so superb and brilliant, the real significance of the occasion did not consist in them; it consisted rather in the work which was represented—the work of the Union Mission Hospital which I have already mentioned. Some idea of the extent of this work can be gained by reflecting that forty men are regular workers on its staff, all of them specialists and many of them recognized authorities in their departments, that more than 26,000 feet of floor space is now used, divided into specialists rooms, operating room, pharmacy, hospital ward, offices and laboratory, that more than 25,000 persons were treated during the past year and that in the department of throat and nose, more than 1,100 persons were treated in the last thirty days—the number sometimes running as high as seventy in a single day in that department alone. The specialists rooms are fitted with every conceivable instrument and appliance known to the profession, and the special op-

erating room for severe surgery is simply a model in its perfect adaptation to the work of modern antiseptic surgery.

But perhaps the most important, certainly the most fundamental department of all is that which has been recently established and equipped, and which will be formally opened the 29th of this month,—the Laboratory of Hygiene. This laboratory occupies an entire building adjacent to the other departments, consisting of three stories and a basement. It is completely equipped for chemical, bacteriological and biological work, and is intended for original work in furthering the science and practice of medicine. Our Dr. Baerecke is doing in one department, work similar to that which will be done in this laboratory, and we hope some day to give him a much more adequate and extensive equipment than he now possesses that he may, with his assistants, do for the whole State of Florida, what this splendid laboratory will do for the vast work of the Union Mission Hospital. It is needless to say that all this work is supported by Mr. Stetson, who gives many thousands of dollars annually to its maintenance and equipment, and yet as you know this is only one department of a vast charitable work that includes a great Sunday school, library, reading room, kindergarten and gymnasium and various organizations for stimulating and helping young men and young women to make something of themselves. I must not close this account without mentioning the after dinner speeches which were certainly a feature of the occasion.

The addresses were for the most part, quite different from what we usually expect in post-prandial oratory. Several of the speakers read their addresses from manuscript and all of the doctors confined themselves to technical and professional topics—all more

or less connected, however, with the new laboratory, which was evidently the thought-center in all minds. There was little or no attempt at oratory, but there was for the most part a down right earnestness and devotion manifested and a straightforward and direct statement of facts that commanded interest and attention. These men give their services except of course those who are employed in the laboratory, and as attendants in the hospital and pharmacy, and it was refreshing to hear their experiences of gratitude to Mr. Stetson, and appreciations of his far-reaching benevolence. Altogether it was a great occasion and one that I shall not soon forget. I expect to write you next time from some point on the other side of the “Big Pond.” Till then good bye and God bless you.

J. F. FORBES.

Literary.

Impressions of James Whitcomb Riley.

I had the pleasure not long ago of hearing Mr. Riley. Have you heard him? If you have, you will not want my impressions of him, for you will have your own. If you have not, perhaps mine may help you to a better understanding of the man.

I was surprised when he first came on the stage. Maybe I had expected to see an old, bent farmer with grizzled hair and bits of straw clinging to his coat. Mr. Riley is, on the contrary, a boyish looking man, and there was not a bit of straw. He is slight, rather short. His face is smooth; his eyes, gray; his hair, light. But an exact description of his features would not give you the man. His pictures even, are disappointing, they look like him, but—you miss the elusive, everchanging expression that so delights you. The

best idea I can give of his appearance is to say that his face looked at the same time merry and sad, young and old.

For I did see the old farmer after all. He told us about the pleasures "the all-kind mother" gives her children in the fall, "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock." There seems to be nothing amusing in these words, but each time Mr. Riley repeated them, as you may know they form the refrain of one of his poems, the whole audience laughed heartily. There was something so delightful in the old man's enjoyment of the autumn season, when the farmer's work is done.

Speaking of his method of writing, to a reviewer not long since, Mr. Riley said, "I see the frost on the old axe they split the pumpkin with for feed and I get the smell of the fodder and the cattle so that brings up the right picture in the mind of the reader. I don't know how I do it. It ain't me, I'm only the "willer" through which the whistle comes."

His poem on the tree toad, however, would be humorous without the author's inimitable interpretation. It seems in Hoosierdom there are superstitious people who believe that the toad not only predicts, but actually brings the rain. One of these, an old man, through Mr. Riley, tells us of his liking for toads. He has studied them from the time, when as a small boy, he climbed trees to the present time, when as an old man, he is talking in their praise. As a sufficient reason for his interest in these creatures, he says that nobody knows anything about them. "Science doesn't tell nothing about tree toads; history doesn't tell nothin' about tree toads; the Bible does not tell nothin' about tree toads." Then there was a funny story of a woman who swallowed a toad. Yet, its voice was not stilled, before every rain storm she could hear it, and her relatives could

hear it, right through her sealskin sack.

But Mr. Riley speaks not simply for the old farmers, but for the small boy as well. There was the red headed boy. I wish I could remember his name, who being taunted by some twins on the color of his hair, replied, "I don't care if my hair is red, I ain't twins like you and they can tell me apart." Then there were the brothers who used to go "out to old Aunt Mary's." As we listened, we saw the "long highway with the sunshine spread as thick as butter on country bread," and the two boys pattering along in the dust "out to old Aunt Mary's." And our hearts were touched, as Mr. Riley's voice grew tender at the closing words,

"And, oh! my brother, so far away,
This is to tell you she waits today,
To welcome us. Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning whispering, 'Tell
The boys to come.' And all is well
Out to old Aunt Mary's."

Do you know Mr. Riley's "Happy Little Cripple?" We can not forget him. We still hear his shrill triumphant voice piping out, "I'm nine years old! An' you can't guess how much I weigh, I be!— Last birthday I weighed thirty-three—An' I weigh thirty yet! I'm awful little for my size—I'm purt' nigh littler 'an some babies! An' Doc one time he laughed an' said: 'I spect first 'hile you know, You'll have a little snake tail coat an' travel with a shawl' An' ben I laughed—'til I looked round an' nanty was a cryin'— Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got 'curvature of the spine.'"

There is in this poem the same strange mixture of humor and pathos that we found in Mr. Riley's face. One does not know whether the impulse to laughter or to tears is the stronger. At the oft repeated words "I got Curvature of the spine" many in the audience laughed. I did not. I felt like saying, "O, the pity of it, the pity of it".

This was Mr. Riley's last selection. We had gone to hear Mr. Riley read knowing nothing of him except that he wrote dialect poetry, one or two stray pieces of which

we had read. We came away feeling that we had added him to our circle of friends, those dear book friends that cheer and encourage, or touch and soften our hearts. Listening to him for one evening, reading hastily a few of his poems has made him ours, this poet of the people. For to understand his words one does not need to pour over history or the classics, but just to look at himself, his neighbor and the world about him.

James Whitcomb Riley comes to us like his own "poet of the future" with,

"The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love,
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above."

This love has taught him to interpret and express ordinary experiences for us who live them. And what is the mission of the poet but to voice the soul and spirit of man, who whether of high or low degree laughs the same laughter and weeps the same tears?

Chattanooga and the National Park.

In the southeast corner of the State of the "Big Bend," thirty years ago lay a little city of 2,000 population, with its factories, churches and homes destroyed by war. With a population of 50,000, Chattanooga stands today among the leading cities of the South.

One thousand feet above sea level, surrounded by mountains and midway between the extremes of heat and cold,—with the cotton fields and sunshine of the South it combines the mountain air and grandeur, the cloverfields and orchards of the North.

On the west, flows the Tennessee, across which Sherman led his men and made that unparalleled charge up Missionary Ridge, capturing the third line of defenses on the summit when orders had been given to take only the first line at the fort.

On the south looms Lookout, the scene of Hooker's famous "Battle above the Clouds." Beau-

tiful as is the mountain at all times, shrouded in clouds it possesses a new and peculiar charm. To watch a storm creep along the mountain; to see the individual drops and columns of rain, is hardly less fascinating than after a storm, to watch the retreating clouds; at first resting on the mountain and then overhanging, they fringe its sides with delicate detached rifts, which slowly rising, at length unveil again the palisaded summit.

A long range extending from Chattanooga to middle Alabama claims the name of Lookout but the Lookout of history is only the northern end of this range; forcing the Tennessee back in its course by the Moccasin Bend, so called from its striking resemblance to an Indian moccasin, it rises abruptly to the height of 1,800 feet. Its west side is a perpendicular wall of solid rock, with here and there a clinging vine or a bubbling spring; while its eastern side thickly wooded with immense oaks, hickories and chestnuts has a more gentle slope unless you are trying to climb it, when it too approaches very nearly the perpendicular.

From the summit you command a grand and magnificent view. As Julian Ralph in Harper's has said, "you feel that you have entered the studio of a great artist and here unrolled before you lies his masterpiece."

At your feet is the city of Chattanooga with its many furnaces and factories; and forming a crescent at the foot of Missionary Ridge lie her suburbs all connected with the city and each other by excellent and extensive electric car service; beyond, tier above tier, like a vast amphitheatre rise the mountains of the Carolinas; while 1,800 feet below you looking like a narrow ribbon thrown from the mountain's top, winds in and out through the inevitable mountains the yellow Tennessee.

Long we gaze, absorbed in this

panorama. Sunshine and shadow; mountain and valley; forest and meadow; and as we gaze we think and wonder, and seem to feel our own natures enlarged in the attempt to comprehend its purpose and its magnitude.

On the mountain are fine hotels and a resident population of about 1,000, which number is greatly increased in the summer by tourists and pleasure seekers.

Two cable lines run regularly up the mountain, the second having been built the past summer. A steam railroad by a more circuitous route ascends and skirts around the edge of the mountain, while, by an easy ascent, a fine carriage road also leads to one of the most picturesque of resorts. Rocks of various shapes and sizes abound, bearing interesting inscriptions for the geologist; some of the most characteristic are known as Saddle Rock, Pulpit Rock, Umbrella Rock, Sunset Rock, Rock City, etc.

Chattanooga's very atmosphere seems permeated with reminiscences of the war. The Centennial brought to Philadelphia visitors from all parts of the Union; the World's Fair summoned to Chicago guests from all parts of the world, but never before has any occasion gathered together so many state and national officials as met last summer in Chattanooga, at the dedication of the Chattanooga-Chickamauga National Park.

Nine miles from Chattanooga, just across the Georgia boundary, the national government has recently purchased the battle-field of Chickamauga and last September, on the 32d anniversary of that bloodiest of all battles of the Civil war, this field, ten square miles in area, was dedicated to the memory and valor of American troops and given as a military park to all Americans for all time.

Thousands of visitors were present, including 3,000 uniformed troops, Vice-president Stevenson,

cabinet officers, congressmen, governors of eighteen states and their staffs, Gen. Schofield, late commander of the army, generals and veterans engaged in the battle.

A company of confederate veterans, all over fifty years of age, marched in the gray uniforms of confederacy, but carrying the Union flag. Gen. Thomas' buglar, an active little man, proud of his general, the "Rock of Chickamauga," once more on that fatal field sounded reveille, surgeons' or quinine call, and taps—but amid what changed surroundings!

Long and hearty were the cheers he won;
Strong and deep the loyalty he inspired.

Half a million dollars have been appropriated by the national government to which sum individual states have added half as much more, for the beautifying of this park, and for establishing lines and marking the positions of all the troops engaged in this battle. Cannon of the same style as then used locate the positions of batteries; cannon-balls piled in pyramids mark the spots where prominent officers fell.

Steel observation towers, seventy five feet high, indicate Bragg's headquarters and other historic locations, while 2,000 iron tablets, scattered throughout these hotly contested fields, name the organizations and commanders engaged and briefly describe the movements of the various troops.

Many monuments of marble, bronze and granite erected by the different states which had troops here, pay silent tribute to their fallen heroes.

This park stands unparalleled in history. Never before has a nation restored any of its battlefields and illustrated by monuments, tablets and field-pieces the full, impartial history of both sides engaged.

One hundred miles of the finest macadamized road have also been constructed by the government which together with all the roads of Chattanooga, are the pride of

the city, and a delight and pleasure to the traveler.

Besides these historic and natural attractions Chattanooga's vast mineral resources, her manufacturers and excellent transportation facilities by river and rail, unite in forming a city of peculiar interest and prosperity, inviting the tourist and capitalist in ever-increasing numbers.

The Sun.

The sun which is the center of the solar system and seems so important to us is really not a particularly bright star, "only a private in the host of heaven." Its distance may be most strikingly shown by what physiologists call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but occupies a very brief time in traveling along the nerves, so if a child puts his hand in the fire, an almost inconceivably short time elapses before he feels the heat. Now imagine a child with an arm long enough to reach to the sun, and he will be a man more than a hundred years old before he knows that he has touched something that is hot.

The circle of the sun which we see everyday is the photosphere; outside of this is a thin envelope rising into jets and prominences, which is called the chromosphere, the colors of which are invisible to the telescope, except at a total eclipse, but whose form is always visible through the spectroscope. It is always there, never hidden, but invisible, because of the greater brilliancy of the sun. Outside of the chromosphere at the time of total eclipse are seen strange, swaying, luminous banners ghostly and weird shooting in changeable play about the central darkness. These form the corona. This is seen with the naked eye at the time of a total eclipse, but at all other times it is invisible even to the telescope and spectroscope.

Keeping these three general fea-

tures in mind, the photosphere, chromosphere and corona, let us consider each more in detail, beginning with the photosphere. This has a bright, mottled surface which some describe as a gray ground with snow flakes on it. The New Astronomy says "The surface of the sun may be compared to an elaborate engraving filled with the closest and most delicate lines and hatchings, but an engraving which during 99-100 of the time can only be seen across such a quivering mass of heated air as makes everything confused and liable to be mistaken, causing what is definite to look like a vaguely seen mottling.

The most noticeable feature of the photosphere is the sun spots which have been of great interest to astronomers.

A normal sun spot consists of dark nearly circular umbra and a fringing penumbra composed of converging filaments.

Many theories have been advanced from the one by Herschel, who would have us believe that the spots are openings in the photosphere, through which we may look down into the sun itself, or paradise, to the latest theories of Fay and Secchi. The fact is, nobody knows anything about them, for as in the natural world every plant has a bug to destroy it, so every theory has an objection which explodes it. People have even gone so far as to try to connect their maximum period which occurs once in about eleven years with terrestrial occurrences, business panics, defeats in foot ball and cricket, and the spread of the cholera. Electrical storms appear to be more frequent at such time, but that is all that can be said with any degree of certainty.

Looking again at the sun we notice that there is a perceptible darkening of the limb, and that there it is marked by a white mottling called faculae, "something brighter than the sun itself;" this darkening towards the edge means that

the sun has an atmosphere of its own, which tempers the heat toward us. If it should grow thicker our earth would grow colder, if thinner, our earth would grow hotter, so our life depends mainly upon this phenomenon. The atmosphere is lighter and more unsubstantial than our own. "It is being sucked down into the sun by some action which we do not understand and returned to the surface by a counter effect which we comprehend no better, and upon this imperfectly understood exchange depends in some way our own safety."

Outside the photosphere, between it and the corona is an envelope of colored fire, rising here and there into jets and prominences—the chromosphere. The prominences are of two classes; the quiet or cloud-like and the eruptive; the first resemble our own clouds, sometimes they are seen lying on the limb of the sun like clouds lying on the horizon sometimes with long "down-hanging filaments which remind one of a summer shower hanging from a heavy thunder-cloud." The eruptive class commonly take the form of jets and darts and are extremely fascinating to watch through the spectroscope, for sometimes their motive can be perceived directly like the minute hands of a watch.

Outside the chromosphere lies the corona, that ghostly thing about which even the most learned astronomers know so little. It is never visible, except at a total eclipse and as one occurs only every other year and lasts only three minutes, even if an astronomer should devote thirty years to its study and be present at every total eclipse, no matter in what part of the world it occurred, he would have had in that time only three-quarters of an hour of observation. It may be said briefly, that the corona is sometimes of enormous extent, (one beam seen from Pike's Peak was

over fourteen million miles in extent), that it changes with every year and that it shines partly by its own and partly by reflected light. That it is composed of extremely rarified matter is shown by the fact that in a number of cases comets have passed directly through it without any perceptible disturbance or retardation.

We, the children of men, are warming ourselves at this great fire, the sun, and when it goes out we must die. How much heat do we receive from it, and is it growing hotter or colder? "Let us suppose that we could sweep up from the earth all the snow and ice on its surface and gathering in the accumulations on its Arctic and Antarctic poles, commence building a tower greater than that of Babel, fifteen miles in diameter and so high as to exhaust our store. Now, imagine that it could be preserved untouched by the sun's rays while we built on with the accumulations of successive winters, until it reached two hundred and forty thousand miles into space and formed an ice bridge to the moon, and then concentrate on it the sun's whole radiation neither more nor less, than that which goes on every minute. In one second the whole would be gone, melted, boiled and dissipated in vapor." How is this great heat maintained? First, not by the simple combustion (cooling) of the sun, second not by the fall of meteors upon it; but it may be accounted for by the supposition that it is slowly shrinking. According to this theory it had a beginning and must have an end. At the estimated rate of shrinkage the forms of life with which we are familiar cannot be maintained for more than ten million years longer.

We have been thinking of the sun as our physical creator, who keeps us alive from hour to hour by this heat. Now let us consider him as our servant, who will "grind our corn and spin our flax." "If all

the noon-tide heat which falls on London could be utilized it would drive all the steam engines in the world. This fact is coming to be of great importance, for the coal supply which the sun has been storing up for us for ages, will in a comparatively short time be exhausted, and scientists are already trying to utilize the sun's energy. A solar engine invented by Ericsson is now in practical use in New York. Future ages may see the seat of empire transferred to regions of the earth now barren and desolate under intense solar heat. Countries which for this very cause will not improbably become the seat of mechanical and hence of political power. Who finds the way to make industrially useful the vast sun-power now wasted on the deserts of North Africa, or the shores of the Red Sea, will effect a greater change in men's affairs, than any conqueror in history has done; for he will once more people those waste places with the life that swarmed there in the days of Carthage and old Egypt, but under another civilization where man shall no longer worship the sun as a god, but shall have learned to make it his servant."

Miscellaneous.

The Stetson Quintette Club Concert.

On Tuesday evening December 10, the Stetson Quintette Club, assisted by local talent, gave a concert in the old Baptist church. The students at the University and citizens of the community have felt very decidedly the absence of the customary lecture course, which has so successfully been given in winters past, and while the concert in question cannot by any means take the place of the lecture course yet it has very effectually pleased the many patrons of music, who have been longing for

sometime for an instructive and pleasing musical treat. The concert, given in aid of the Fire Department, was in the hands of the Quintette Club, composed of Prof. and Mrs. W. A. Sharp, Miss E. Chew, Miss J. S. Carter, and Mrs. C. S. Farriss. These were admirably assisted by Misses A. W. Brown, M. Allen, J. A. Dickerson, Mrs. Dr. Fisher, and Messrs. H. J. Wilmshurst and J. T. Cairns.

The evening was not all that could be desired in point of weather, and the inclemency of the weather prevented many from attending, who doubtless would have enjoyed the entertainment. However, long before eight o'clock the body of the church was well filled, and by the time that the opening number had been given, there were but few vacant chairs left in the extreme back of the church. The concert was opened by an instrumental quartette, composed of Mrs. Sharp, violin, Miss Chew, 'cello, Mr. Sharp, flute, while Mrs. Farriss presided at the piano. This selection of airs and motives from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Nights Dream* placed the audience at once in good humor and prepared them to listen attentively to the excellent program which was to follow. A tenor solo by Mr. Wilmshurst followed the quartette. Mr. Wilmshurst's voice is not strong, but it has a peculiarly sweet and gentle quality, and his number was rendered very acceptably. Miss Brown made her first public appearance here as a reader, giving "Susan's Escort" by E. E. Hale. This was a very happy selection to suit a popular audience, for the piece while neither grave nor yet tunny, has a certain seriousness, which is relieved by the humor of the Escort. Miss Brown read her lines clearly and distinctly, while her imitation of the gestures and attempts at speech of the manikin were well nigh perfect. The audience would have been only too glad of a second selection,

had Miss Brown been inclined to the encore generously given her.

The next number was awaited with the deepest interest, the soprano solo by Miss Carter, accompanied by the instrumental quartette. Miss Carter was in excellent voice, and the work of the instruments was superb. The work of the quartette was so nicely graded and tempered, that at no time was the soloist unable to be heard, and the accompaniment produced a fullness and depth which the piano alone could not give. We believe Miss Carter never appeared here to better advantage, and the audience surely appreciated the great amount of conscientious work which the quintette must have done, in preparation of such a selection. Local enthusiasm and pride was manifested when the next performer, Miss Allen appeared. Miss Allen has been absent the past two years, pursuing her musical studies in Boston. Her difficult solo from Jaell was rendered in a highly artistic manner, and her technique and clearly cut tones brought forth long and well merited applause from the audience. Probably as finished a number as any on the program was the 'cello solo by Miss Chew. Miss Chew's appearance on the stage is most retiring and unpretentious, but her work with the 'cello is far above the average. The first part of the concert closed with a mixed quartette composed of Misses Carter and Dickerson, Messrs. Wilmschurst and Cairns. The audience recognized at once the excellence of the singing and the quartette was obliged to respond to an encore.

Part second opened with a second number by the instrumental quartette, a selection from Meyerbeer, and if possible this was superior to the first number, principally because the flute and stringed instruments could be heard to better advantage. A piano solo by

Mrs. Farriss was next in order, and her ability is too well known to need comment. She always seems to make an extra appeal to the audience playing as she does without notes. It is sufficient to say that her work was thoroughly up to her standard. Mr. Cairns' baritone solo seemed to go straight to the hearts and sentiment of his listeners, for they absolutely refused to let him go without an encore. Miss Carter accompanied by the quartette, sang a second time and her work was equal to or more satisfactory than in part first. It is surely a pleasure to listen to such a singer, of whose work and tones the audience itself feels so very sure. The mixed quartette sang again, being encored as previously and the concert closed with a final selection by the instrumental quartette.

Taken individually and as a whole, the concert was one of the best and most successful ever given in DeLand by local amateur talent. Everything tended to blend and harmonize most pleasantly. The platform was tastefully decorated, and the costumes of the performers were rich and beautiful, the audience intellectual and in good humor, while the program, though not too heavy, was yet not so light as to be appreciated without effort. And it is by such solid entertainment that our citizens must be educated to a better appreciation of music.

We cannot say positively, but Dame Gossip says that the Quintette Club has been formally organized and we voice the sentiment of our friends and readers in hoping that we may be accorded another such treat in the near future.

Following is the program in detail.

PART FIRST.

Quartette—Instrumental.....	Mendelssohn.
Solo—Tenor.....	Balf.
Reading.....	Edward E. Hale.
Solo—Soprano.....	Kriss.
Solo—Piano.....	Jaell.
Solo—Cello.....	Thome.
Quartette—Vocal.....	Tosti.

PART SECOND.

Quartette—Instrumental.....	Meyerbeer.
Solo—Piano.....	Mayer.
Solo—Baritone.....	Bonheur.
Solo—Soprano.....	Spohr.
Quartette—Vocal.....	Bishop.
Quartette—Instrumental.....	Garltt.

Hon. E. S. Converse.

Hon. E. S. Converse to whom this University is indebted for the elegant set of surveying instruments which we have recently received, is a man of the class in which we are all interested. COLLEGIATE readers will be glad to know something about him, not merely because we have been benefited by his generosity, but because he is an illustration of an American of the best and truest type.

He is treasurer and general manager of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company which employs about twenty-five hundred hands and manufactures more rubber boots and shoes than any other company in existence. This immense business is due almost entirely to his energy and ability.

He was almost unanimously elected mayor of the City of Malden at its incorporation and has been well known in public affairs in the place of his residence both before and after its incorporation as a city. He has erected and presented to the city one of the finest public library buildings in the whole of New England. This is a memorial to his son who was killed some years ago.

A mere mention of his gifts to public, religious and charitable enterprises would be beyond the scope of the present sketch and yet he has probably given aid to the needy in a quiet way which will aggregate more than his bequests of which the public are aware.

He is a member of the Malden Baptist church and has recently been made an honorary deacon for life.

Brown has now over 900 students and expects to have more than 1,000 next year.

He Gives Thanks.

I'm as thankful's any turkey still alive in all the land
That we still air doin' business at the old, reliable stand;
That we've got a daisy navy growin' bigger every hour,
And a navy Kaiser Willyum thinks is goin' to be a power;
That the starry flag's respected everywhere it gits unfurled;
That our credit still is solid in the countries of the world;
That the gold and silver fellars, both a-jawin' for their rights,
Air succeedin' still in keepin' out o' rough and tumble fights,
That the fin de siecle business jest at present's layin' low;
That the wimmen still air givin' men at least a little show;
That the p-idential 'lection doesn't come in ninety-five;
That I've mastered cycle ridin' and am hull and still alive,
But fer one thing, honest Injun naow, I can not thankful feel—
My daughter, Hail Columby's wearin' bloomers on a wheel!

UNCLE SAM.

Alumni Notes.

Miss Missouri Underhill, of '92 is teaching at Barberville.

Mr. John Owens, of '92 is teaching at Umatilla.

Mr. Robert Howard, '94, spent the summer in Brooklyn and is now employed in a printing office there.

Miss Leila M. Child, of '92, our first college graduate, has been teaching since graduating in the grammar school of her alma mater.

Mr. Nelson Cox, of '89 is attending the Florida Agricultural College situated at Lake City. He will graduate this year from the college department.

Miss Minnie Mendell, '93, is spending the winter with friends in Boston. Since graduating Miss Mendell has taken up the study of dentistry and is now a junior in the Boston Dental College.

Miss Olive Tawney, of '94, a graduate from the music department, is continuing her study in the Boston Conservatory.

It speaks well for our athletic spirit, that two teams, one from the College girls and one from the Institute, are vigorously playing basket-ball.—Bucknell Mirror.

Local and Personal.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

Miss Ober intends taking a trip to St. Augustine.

Prof. Hodge is riding his own wheel now. It is a Linnwood.

The Cicero class enjoyed a vacation of one day on December 10.

Miss Finley spends her Christmas with Miss Hughes, class of '95.

It is now considered perfectly proper to call the "bike" the "bison."

Mrs. Hogan leaves for a visit to Jacksonville and Atlanta, December 23rd.

Miss Carter and Miss Schreuder are planning a trip to Atlanta for the holidays.

It has been suggested that a "poverty" social would be in order after Christmas.

Miss Belle McKinney was kept from school for several days on account of sore eyes.

Mrs. Wright of Chicago, though just at present of Orlando, paid a visit of two weeks to her son this month.

The faculty certainly have the gratitude of the students for granting their petition relative to the examinations.

Miss McBride gave a book social in her "Sinner's Attic" as she calls her room. It was a pleasant affair.

Mr. Dick Adams, a former student of this school, with his wife paid Mrs. A. C. Winters a short visit not long since.

Mrs. A. M. Wright of Orlando is visiting her son Mr. Jas. N. Wright. Mr. Wright is particularly fortunate in having his mother visit him just at this time.

The many friends of Mr. Geo. L. Barker, of Atlanta, regret that his asthma became so bad, that he was compelled to return to his winter home at Orlando. There

is a strong probability, however, that he will be among us again after Christmas.

Miss Carter and Mr. Wright each favored us with a lovely solo Sunday night the 15th.

Mr. George Powell of Jacksonville spent several days during Thanksgiving week with his sister Mrs. Carson.

Messrs. Harlow Barnett and Edgar S. Estes, startled the natives the first week in November, by kicking a mark 93 inches from the floor.

Dr. Leonard is looking forward to a fine time during the vacation, for when the buildings are quiet, he can read and study to his heart's content.

On November 23, Messrs. Roy N. Chelf, Harlow Barnett and Jas. G. Day, jr., went to Beresford, where they spent a pleasant afternoon catching fish.

The mother of Mr. Roy N. Chelf, received the heartiest congratulations of her son's friends upon the quantity and good quality of the cakes and pies that filled Mr. Chelf's "Thanksgiving box."

Preparations are being made for a grand musicale to be held on Feb. 7. The program will contain both vocal and instrumental pieces and will be under the joint control of Miss Schreuder and Miss Carter.

The following note has been found and the owner can secure the same by applying to this office: "There is no land so sacrid no air so pure As the air she breaths and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps."

Mrs. Hogan entertained her friends pleasantly at an "afternoon tea" in Chaudoin Hall, Thursday, Dec. 5. Her rooms were tastefully decorated with holly, mistletoe, palmettoes, and other beautiful greens; while the cheerful blaze from the open fire gave the finishing touch to the homelike parlors. Groups of three or four gathered around the dainty little tables, and

the merry hum of voices told that all were enjoying themselves. Mrs. Hogan was assisted by Miss Phillips and Miss Hogan.

Mr. William Healey, of Jaffrey, was another one of the Stetson students who was fortunate enough to eat his Thanksgiving turkey at his own home.

Miss Jessie Martin celebrated her birthday by giving a very delightful tea to the inmates of Chaudoin Hall. It is to be hoped that many more will follow her example.

On November 24, every student was again reminded of the thoughtfulness and generosity of Mr. Stetson, when they saw several bushels of walnuts and chestnuts which were to be divided among the students boarding at Chaudoin Hall.

Arrangements are being made for a "Dickens" social in Chaudoin Hall in the near future. Everyone should observe his own characteristics so that he can select a character suitable to himself. Great interest is being manifested in this social and it will undoubtedly be a great success.

A good joke is told upon one of the pretty young ladies of Chaudoin Hall, who has not, until recently, been accustomed to hearing bicycle terms used. With great confidence she approached one of the boys and asked him this question "What year" is your bicycle"? Examination of the questioner revealed the fact that she was endeavoring to find out the gear of the young man's wheel.

Mr. George L. Barker elegantly entertained some of his friends at an elaborate "spread" soon after his return from his Thanksgiving vacation. Besides the customary apples, pies, cakes, "quail on toast," one peck of Saratoga chips and other articles were found on the bill of fare. It was pronounced the best "spread" that has been given in Stetson Hall this year.

Those fortunate enough to be Mr. Barker's guests were: Messrs. Estes, Wright, Van Dyne, Chelf, Robert Allen, Ed Allen, Barnett, James G. Day, jr., and Professor Crippen.

Harlow Barnett spent a portion of his Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Jacksonville and the remainder near Dade City where he and some friends pleasantly spent the time in hunting.

It has been decided to give another dramatic performance on "Presentation Day." Miss Brown, the instructor in elocution, will have entire charge of the play and she has decided to present a comedy, which has been christened "She Stoops to Conquer." The presentation of this play will require 15 actors and Miss Brown is now assigning parts to some of the students.

In the evening, after Mrs. Hogan's afternoon reception, Miss Alice Hogan invited a few friends into her mother's elegant apartments on the first floor of Chaudoin Hall, in order to allow them the pleasure of seeing the beautiful decorations, and to partake of the refreshments. All of the young men fully appreciated this thoughtfulness in Miss Hogan and enjoyed the evening as much as if they had been one of the ladies, who attended the afternoon reception.

On Nov. 24, the steward placed about a bushel of chestnuts on one of the vacant tables in the dining room, and gave all the students a cordial invitation to fill their pockets. Among those who availed themselves of this privilege, was Mr. Ritzewaller, who piled handful after handful of the nuts in his pockets and went on his way rejoicing. After reaching Stetson Hall, it was noticed that our little friend was not eating chestnuts. Inquiry revealed the fearful truth that Master Oliver had unconsciously put all of his nuts in a bottomless pocket, and consequently

lost them while going from one hall to the other. Everybody enjoyed a good laugh, except Mr. Ritzewaller, who said "I tell you I was disappointed when I made the discovery."

Miss Bucksbaum's "at home" was one of the social features of the month. She received in a pretty, informal way about thirty of her friends during the afternoon. The tea table was gracefully presided over by Miss Carter.

While spending his Thanksgiving vacation at his home in New Smyrna, Mr. James Lupe killed a large deer. He is the only one of the students who was successful in securing such big game, although many promises are being made by the boys about what they will "bring down" during the Christmas holidays.

On the Saturday following Thanksgiving day Mr. Edgar Estes was the happy recipient of a "box" from home. With that remarkable Southern hospitality, he called his friends into his room and gave them an invitation to help themselves. Although his guests were just recovering from the effects of Thanksgiving, they dispatched the contents of the box in a manner exceedingly complimentary to the one who cooked the articles.

The entertainment given in the gymnasium under the direction of Miss Brown and Prof. Crippen on Friday, Dec., 6th., was a complete success. The first number on the program was the rendering of "Poor Willie" by the Stetson Male Quartette which was heartily encored. The farce, "A Proposal Under Difficulties," was repeated, being given even better than on Thanksgiving Day. Miss Bond also repeated her piano solo, playing very acceptably. A majority of the audience knew hardly what to expect from the last part of the program as this was the first appearance of the young men in any gymnasium work. The partic-

ipants in the exhibition were Messrs. Crippen, Clatworthy, T. Self, Barnett, Estes, Leonard, G. Winters, Hill and M. Kelly—Dr. Leonard kindly filling Mr. Willatowsky's place, the latter having sprained his ankle. Morris Keely was the cause of much merriment as he appeared in a pair of bloomers. The work on the vaulting horse was done very well, but was not as showy, on the whole, as that on the parallels which consisted of some of the common vaults, a number of the cut-offs and the more difficult rolls. The evening's entertainment was closed with an exciting tug of war, of a new style, between teams from the town and dormitory students. After hard work the dormitory boys succeeded in winning by a score of two to one. Enough was raised to purchase the basket ball equipment and it is expected that everything will be in readiness at the beginning of next term for the playing of the game.

The Fortnightly.

The Fortnightly met on Thursday evening Dec., 12th, at Chaudoin Hall, being entertained by Misses Carter, Dickerson and Schreuder. The evening was again spent in a study of Thackeray, this time discussing his famous historical novel, Henry Esmond. The historical allusions, and their fidelity to history, were informally presented by Dr. Leonard. Mrs. McKinney read a paper on, "Was Thackeray a cynic, or a satirist?" Mrs. Biglow's subject was "The book as a whole." The subject was then thrown open for discussion. Miss Schreuder rendered an instrumental solo and Miss Carter sang two choice selections, one a favorite little German song.

Mrs. Ward's Marcella was chosen as a subject of study for the next two meetings, parts being assigned to eight different members. After doing ample justice to the bountiful supply of refreshments the society adjourned to meet with Prof. and Mrs. Farriss, Jan. 7th, 1896.

Rhetoricals.

1. Essay—The America's Cup
MR. GHOBOU WINTERS.
2. Recitation—"Mother Handbrigan's
Love Story"—Madeline Bridge
MISS McBRIDE.
3. Song—"Unter'n Mächelbaum"—Hollander
MISS BUCKSBAUM.
4. Essay—Niagara Falls
MR. THOMPSON.
5. Recitation—"Iothic Architecture"—
Chas. Dudley Warner
MR. NORWOOD.
6. Piano Solo—"Flower Song"—Lange
MISS ESTES.
7. Essay—Good Talking
MISS WALKER.
8. Recitation—"Under the Umbrella"—
Louisa Aleott
MISS HUGHES.

Irving Literary Society.

The Irving Literary Society which was recently organized by the students will meet every Saturday evening in their hall, where a literary program will be presented to the public. About thirty students have signified their intention of joining the society, consequently its success is an assured thing. The first officers of this organization are President, F. W. Clatworthy; Vice President, Miss Texas Lovell; Second, Miss Caroline Finley; Treasurer, Miss Edith Walker; Critic, H. S. Winters; Prosecuting Attorney, Fred Van-Dyne.

Mr. Brockman's Visit.

Surprises are not always pleasant, but the students of Stetson had a very pleasant one on Sunday, the 1st inst., in the unexpected visit of Mr. J. A. Brockman, one of the college secretaries of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Arrangements were very quickly made to turn the student's prayer meeting over to him and also to have him speak at a union meeting in the Baptist church in the evening.

The address in the afternoon was a very searching one, and struck right at the common excuses of students for not engaging in active religious work while in college. The principal thought of the address was that we are so apt

to think of our college life as simply a preparation for our life work and not a part of it that we are liable to neglect Christian work. But we ought to realize that we will be able to work much better in later life if we get in the habit of it while in college. He suggested three lines of duty open; personal work for the salvation of our fellow students, devotional study of God's word and securing a better knowledge of the needs of mission fields.

The address in the evening was on the intercollegiate work of the Young Men's Christian Association. He stated that the purposes of the organization were to centralize the Christian work of the college, to broaden the ideas of the work to be done by providing a clearing house for the best ideas from different colleges, to increase an interest in foreign missions, to emphasize personal Bible study and to bring young men to Christ.

Monday night Mr. Brockman met the young men for a short time in the chapel when it was decided to organize a Young Men's Christian Association. While this meeting was in progress Mrs. Brockman, who was accompanying her husband, spoke to the young women in Chaudoin Hall.

We will not soon forget the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Brockman as they left impressions on us all of their deep Christian lives which will help us to draw nearer the dear Master.

As a result of Mr. Brockman's visit a Young Men's Christian Association has been organized with the following officers:

- Dr. A. N. Leonard, Pres.
- E. N. Bell, Vice Pres.
- J. B. Crippen, Cor. Sec'y.
- Pierce Hamilton, Rec. Sec'y.
- D. C. Armstrong, Treasurer.

The work of the association will necessarily be for the dormitory students primarily, but will be extended to more fully include the town students as soon as possible.

Athletics.

Realizing that we would soon be in possession of a well equipped athletic field and that there must be an organization in order to look after the interests of the University along athletic lines, a number of the young men met and after the necessary preliminaries effected the organization of an athletic association to be known as the Stetson University Athletic Association.

The following officers were elected:

F. B. Clatworthy, President.
Geo. Winters, Vice-President.
D. C. Morris, Cor. Sec'y.
Roy N. Chelf, Rec. Sec'y.
Jas. G. Day, jr. Treasurer.

The work on the track has been delayed on account of our inability to get teams to put more sand on the grade to bank in the shell so that it could be rolled. Undoubtedly everything will be in readiness for use by the opening of next term.

Exchange Items.

First of all, the Editor of this Department wishes to extend a hearty welcome to the many pleasant visitors that have rushed in upon him. Our former exchanges are received with the welcome of old friends, our new ones are received in good faith—to all we extend a cheerful greeting.

Rev. A. B. Chaffee, D. D., of South Bend, Indiana, has been

elected President of Central University. Dr. Chaffee, though having taught ten years in Franklin College, is now engaged in a pastorate at South Bend, Ind. This connection he now severs to assume his duties as president. His resignation takes effect December 1st.

A College Attachment.

We've skimped and sent that boy to fill
The holler in his head with knowledge;
He wasn't good for much, but still
We tho't he might pull thro' a college;
We guessed he'd study up at nights,
Work hard to mend his mind and natur,
An' here the young Phillistine writes
He's deep in love with Alma Mater.

We'd better kept him hoein' corn,
An' feedin' pigs an' doin' plowin',
An' gitten up in early morn,
To milk the cows, as I'm allowin'.
There's Hetty, neighbor Quiggs' gal,
Gosh, how this news will agitate her!
I'd allus picked her out for Josh,
But now he's sparkin' Alma Mater!
I've heard ab 'ut them college chaps,
An' read about 'em in the papers,
An' Josh, he's one of 'em, perhaps,
An' thickin all their scrapes and capers.
He wrote us he was doin' fine,
Was something of a wimmen hater;
But now we see he was a-lyin',
An' wastin' time on Alma Mater.

Last night we writ a letter warm,
A-wayin' we were led to statin'
He'd better come and work the farm,
An' never mind 'bout graduatin';
Thet he could pack his college rigs,
Er he'd discover, soon or later,
It's better sparkin' Hetty Quigg
Than makin' love to Alma Mater.
—Exchange.

R. H. GILLEN, M. D.,
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o o o

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7.00 to 8.00 P. M.

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